The Wisdom of the Young & By T. S. Allen









The Girl-I said I would be a sister to youse, Chimmie, when you proposed to me, an' I meant

Kid-See me broken finger? "Goodness, that is too bad!" "Naw, it ain't; I broke it punching a fellow's

I'VE WRITTEN A

LITTLE SONNET ON

SPRING , ETHEL! I'LL

READ IT TO YOU!

"What on earth's that infernal racket out

Office Boy--I tink it's a young lady inquiring fer me, boss. Would you mind going out and tell-

Kid-Say, miss, do yer mind if I take yer arm and walk a little ways wid yer, same as if I was yer steady? I wanter make dat gal back dere

20 Tales of the Plains



OH, HOW LOVELY!

I'M SO FOND OF

SONNETS!





set up a long, thunderous braying. How was that for a bad luck streak?

OH, MR. MONK! MR.

JONES IS JUST GOING

TO READ HIS NEW

SPRING POEM!

a dead run.

By Buffalo Bill

(Wm. F. Cody)

the hills to echoing and brought every was too dark for straight shooting, viser, an able and willing missionary "I thought," went on Chunk hope-

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OH , PSHAW! JUST WAIT

A FEW MINUTES TILL I

COME BACK , AND YOU'LL

HEAR REAL POETRY!

I got to the noisy brute, jumped into half of the road to Larned was familiar the sound. In a little cleft between facts were needful, and then get away. To him, so he ran no danger of losing two sand cliffs blazed a camp fire. It was not a : that promised much ing with dis way just yet. And, from signs I On the nearer side of it stood a bunch ordinary luck. Yellow Hair" the adians called him, it that the promise of ponies. On the nearer side of it stood a bunch ordinary luck. pace with an arrow sticking in the for each number to "Circulation Bepartment, Evening World." fringe of my hunting shirt and a lot of wild bullets whistling about me.

-- No. 10--

On the Trail With Custer



ans were in the the very first. eighborhood came across

riding in the very direction in which ever), I ventured to say, respectfully been on the point of running into sure Take the lead if your mule can do

He find to go to Fort Larned and "speaking distance" of him.
wanted me to guide him and his escort Late that afternoon my mule trotted

ing horse, and he seemed to think my saluted as Custer came up. He laughed choice was foolish and that my mule and said: ist saluted and said:
"When you reach Fort Larned, sir, my I made my return journey to Fort just saluted and said:

Custer didn't answer, but he set out plenty of Indian signs on the way to ally swarming with Indians. How pened? to prove me wrong. Off he set at a Larned, so now I rode carefully. I'd their pickets had missed my approach. There tremendous pace; a pace no mule living gone perhaps half through the foot- to the hill I don't yet know; unless the could keep. My poor little beast plod-ded along as well as he could, but he for rest, I heard through the stillness sound of my mule's hoofs. couldn't come near Custer's fleet steed the stamp of a tethered pony's hoof. Since the moment of my dismounting So we went for ten or twelve miles. Now, it wasn't likely any white man I had of course moved as silently and

Custer far ahead, his escort trailing would be campin up there in such an cautiously as any born savage. Now out behind him and I on my mule can-inconvenient spot. I tied my mule and all I had to do was to learn how many tering along far in the rear. The first crept along quietly in the direction of Indians there were gather what other

as one day as I as riding fast topace had begun to tell heavily. The ard Fort Hayes are rock and fallen back. Custer and I fter a scouting were neck and neck, though I hadn't sent the mule any faster than the big band of in- steady, swinging gait he had struck at A couple of miles further on, just

before we reached the foothills (where Custer and ten men I knew the going would be harder than I had located the Indians. I explained the case and showed him how he had up the pace a little more?"

death. He wasn't excited in the least, it." said Custer, starting up his big but took the matter coolly. All he did horse again. But my mule ambled was to order me to guide them to Fort meekly past him and set the pace for the rest of the day. There wasn't a the rest of the day. There wasn't a But he sent for me the next day, horse in the lot that could come within

there. The distance was sixty miles up to the fort, looking as fresh as and over bad country. So I chose an when he started. A quarter mile beugly little brown mule as my mount. hind rode Custer on his lathered, weary I knew the brute could make his way horse, and the escort spread out for a over any sort of ground. . mile or more behind him.

would never cover the sixty miles on "You were right, Cody! And you're time. It wasn't for me to argue, so I the sort of a scout I like. I'll bear

******************************* HINTS FOR THE HOME

Cheese Pudding.

butter, seasoning, then another; beat yolk of egg in cup of milk and pour over, bake thirty minutes. selicious, but rich. It is nice to add a little sliced a ple. Bake in two crusts. ***************************

Cheese Pudding.

OVER bottom of pudding pan with plecrust dough rolled thin, scatter lumps of butter and cheese to make thin layer, season with salt and not burn, and put through a fine sleve. pepper, another layer of dougn, cheese, Add strained pulp to skins, with about a cup of sugar, and cook all together

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

HE perfectly fitting foundation skirt is the first essential to the satisfactory gown. Here/ is one that can be used either for the Empire skirts or for those finished at the normal waist line, and which is cut with direct reference to the demands of the season. It gives the long, slender lines, and it can be finished at the lower edge in any way that may be liked. It is adapted to taffeta and to the cotton skirting, and it can be made either in round or walking length. When worn beneath the Empire skirts it should be joined to the girdle and the skirt attached to the upper edge, or it can be finished with the regu-

lation belt. The quantity of mathe medium size is 7 1-2 yards 21, 6 1-2 yards 27, or 4 1-4 yards 36 inches wide.

Foundation Skirt-Pattern No. 5918. Pattern No. 5918 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.



An Old-Fashioned Girl.

has been brought up in old-fashioned. Puritanical manner, and although I A Family Quarrel.

Puritanical manner, and although I have called on her and taken her out occasionally, she now tells me that my visits must cease and that she can mover go out with me again. She tells me in a very sincere and straightforward manner that her mother objects with whom I live, objects to our martial density.

A Family Quarrel.

Dear Betty:

AM eighteen. Two months ago I your and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of five, and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of five, and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you really love him or not. Wait until you are twenty four of the and if you are the not have a young man one year my senior. Wall have the and if you are the not have a young man one year my senior. Wall have the and if you are the not have a young man one year my senior. Wall have the and if you are the not have a young man one year my senior.

and frankly ask her on what ground she However, you are not old enough sert. Two Men and a Girl. bases her objection to you. You must ously to contemplate marriage, and you Dear Betty:

AM deeply in love with a girl who has been brought up in old-fashioned.

A E and objection to you. You must ously to contemplate marriage, and you have not known the young man long enough to know if you really love him.

Dear Betty:

A Dear Betty:

AM twenty and in love with a girl

X. Y. Z. Old man Riddle don't like me a bit,

two years my junior, but am not It is perfectly proper to continue the went on the uneasy suitor, bent upon

months have been keeping company with a young man two years my doubts. senior. Recently he has treated me "I don't see, then," said Ikey shortly, very coolly owing to the attentions of "what makes you talk of drugs, or another young man whom he thinks I what I can be doing about it." his friendship, as I like him very much? A Queer Request.

The Greates of Short Story Writers.

O. Henry's Stories of New York Life

STORY NO. 3.

The Love-Philtre.

"Say, I key," said Chunk McGowan to his rival, the drug clerk, "ain't there a drug of some kind-some kind of pewders that'll make a girl like you better if you give 'em to her?"

downtown, between the Bowery with Chunk McGowan." and First avenue, where the distance between the two streets is the shortest. The Blue Light does not conthat is to be called for soon." sider that pharmacy is a thing of brica-brac, scent and ica-cream soda. If you suddenly, "say, Ikey, ain't there a ask it for pain-killer it will not give drug of some kind-some kind of pow-you a benbon. ders that'll make a girl like you better

The Blue Light scorns the labor-sav- if you give 'em to her?" ing arts of modern pharmacy. It macerates its opium and percolates its
own laudanum and paregoric. To this
day pills are made behind its tall preday pills are made behind its tall prescription desk-pills rolled out on its from a croaker uptown and fed 'em to own pill-tile, divided with a spatula, his girl in soda water. From the very rolled with the finger and thumb. his girl in soua water. From the rolled with the finger and thumb. ivered in little round pasteboard pillpoxes. The store is on a corner about

syrups that wait for them inside. Hay alone an at night. I had seen The space about the fire was liter- And then, what do you suppose hap Luckily I had a start. The braves where the heart of pharmacy is not possible failure. that followed could not cut down the glace. There, as it should be, the drug-There was a horrible noise that set lead enough to overhaul me, and it sist is a counsellor, a confessor, an ad-Indian to his feet and sent me off at So after the first mile or so the In- and mentor whose learning is respected. fully, "that if I had one of them powand his advice and notice were much de-

Two Men and a Girl.

Ikey roomed and breakfasted at Mrs. Riddle's, two squares away. Mrs. Riddle "Nine o'clock," said Mr. McGowan. "Supper's at seven. At eight o'clock cumlocution has been in vain—you must By R. W. Taylor have guessed it—Ikey adored Rosy. She tinctured all his thoughts: she was the compound extract of all that was chemically pure and officinal—the dispensatory contained nothing equal to the prescher's account. It's all dead on the preacher's account. of his backwardness and fears. Be- powders, Ikey?" hind his counter he was a superior | being, calmly conscious of special know- slowly. ledge and worth; outside he was a cursed rambler, with ill-fitting clothes stained with chemicals and smelling of

The fly in Ikey's cintment (thrice welcome, pat trope!) was Chunk Mc-

Rosy. But he was no outfielder as quarter of a grain of morphia. To them Ikey was: he picked them off the bat. At the same time he was Ikey's friend crease the bulk, and folded the mixand customer and often dropped in at ture neatly in a white paper. Taken the Blue Light Drug Store to have a by an adult this powder would insure bruise painted with iodine or get a cut several hours of heavy slumber withrubber plastered after a pleasant even-ing spent along the Bowery. out danger to the sleeper. This he handed to Chunk McGowan, telling him

his silent, easy way, and eat, comely and received the hearty thanks of the smooth-faced, hard, indomitable, good-backyard Lechinvar. natured, upon a stoo!. "Ikey." said he when his friend had The Wrong Vic im. busy with your car. It's drugs for

me if you've got the line I need." A Proposed Elopement.

McGowan for the usual evidence of complexion and sudden in action.

"Much oblige..." he said briefly, to

conflict, but found none. "Much oblige..." he said briefly, to
"Take your coat off," he ordered. "I lkey. "The lazy loafen! My own

he said. "Not any Dagoes. But you've bulance instead of a bridal chaise." located the diagnosis all right enough—
it's under my coat, near the ribs. Say'
Ikey—Rosy and me are goin' to run
away and get married to-night."

Sumber, and the bloodthirsty parent
waiting, armed and forewarned, Ikey

the edge of the mortar, holding it upon discomfiture.

steady. He gave it a wild rap with the pestle, but felt it not. Meanwhile the pestle, but felt it not. Mr. McGowan's smile faded to a look chance news of the tragedy, but none of perplexed gloom.

stuck to the affirmative this time for grasped his hand-Chunk McGowan two whole days. But it's five hours with a victor's smile and flushed with vet till the time, and I'm afraid she'll joy. stand me up when it comes to the scratch."

cap make a false start to-night for a for now.'
million," he said. "I've got a little "The time." flat up in Harlem all ready, with chrys-

THE STATE OF THE S pit pounder to be ready at his house for us at 9.30. It's got to come off. And AM twenty and for the past six if Rosy don't change her mind again!"
months have been keeping company
Mr. McGowan ceased, a prey to his

ward manner that her mother objects with whom I live, objects to our marto me, but for just what reason her mother did not say. I feel certain that mother did not say. I feel certain that my affection is returned. What shall carried on for several generations.

How the Earth Grows.

It is perfectly proper to continue the two at two on the uneasy suitor, bent upon marshalling his arguments. "For a you should not have more than one have a talk with the mother. Tell There is no use in giving up your your affection is returned is to declare her of your affection for her daughter happiness on account of an old quarrel your love and ask hers in return.

All twenty and in love with a giving the day in the day of the uneasy suitor, bent upon marshalling his arguments. "For a you should not have more than one have more than one have more than one in account of an old quarrel two years my junior, but am not two on the uneasy suitor, bent upon marshalling his arguments. "For a you should not have more than one have more than one massuling his arguments." For a week he hasn't let Rosy step outside the door with me. If it wasn't for losin' a boarder they'd have bounced to second he will probably renew his attentions.

HE Blue Light Drug Store is and she'll never regret flying the coop

"You will excuse me, Chunk," said "Say," said McGowan, looking up

Ikey's lip beneath his nose curled with the scorn of superior enlighten-

body else looked like thirty cents to her. They was married in less than two weeks."

Strong and simple was Chunk Mcous children play and become candle Gowan. A better reader of men than dates for the cough drops and soothing Ikey was could have seen that his tough frame was strung upon fine wires. Ikey Schoenstein was the night clerk Like a good general who was about to of the Blue Light and the friend of his invade the enemy's territory he was customers. Thus it is on the East Side. seeking to guard every point against

Indian to his feet and sent me off at a dand run.

a dead run.

That abominable mule of mine had chosen this moment of all others to set up a long, thunderous braying.

So after the first mile or so the indians of the adventure, and mentor whose learning is respected, whose occult wisdom is venerated and whose medicine is often poured, unsupport to night it might brace her at whose medicine is often poured, unsupport to night it might brace her tasted, into the gutter. Therefore Ikey's up and keep her from reneging on the corniform, bespectacled nose and nare proposition to skip. I guess she don't have the first mile or so the indians gave up the race. row, knowledge-bowed figure was well need a mule team to drag her away, krown in the vicinity of the Blue Light, but women are better at coaching than they are at running bases. If the stuff'll work just for a couple of hours it'll do the trick."

"When is this foolishness of running

have guessed it-Ikey adored Rosv. She nine old Parvenzano lets me through her. But Ikey was timid, and his hopes easy if Rosy don't balk when the flag remained insoluble in the menstruum drops. Can you fix me one of them Ikey schoenstein rubbed his nos

"Chunk," said he, "it is of drugs of weak-kneed. purblind, motorman- that nature that pharmaceutists must have much carefulness. To you alone of my acquaintance would I intrust a socotrine aloes and valerianate of am- powder like that. But for you I shall make it, and you shall see how it makes Resy to think of you." Ikey went behind the prescription

iesk. There he crushed to a powder Mr. McGowan was also striving to two soluble tablets, each containing a One afternoon McGowan drifted in in to administer it in a liquid if possible,

fetched his mortar and sat opposite. The subtility of Ikey's action become grinding gum benzoin to a powder, "get autarent upon recital of his subsequent apparent upon recital of his subsequent move. He sent a messenger for Mr Riddle and disclosed the plans of Mr. McGewan for eloping with Rosy. Mr. Ikey scanned the countenance of Mr. Riddle was a stout man, brick-dusty of

guess that you have been stuck in the locm's just above Rosy's. I'll just go ribs with a knife. I told you those up there myself after supper and load Dagoes would do you up." the shotgun and wait. If he comes in Mr. McGowan smiled. "Not them." my back vard he'll go away in an amthe shotgun and wait. If he comes in

Ikey's left forefinger was doubled over felt that his rival was close, indeed,

of perplexed gloom.

"That is," he continued, "if she keeps At eight o'clock in the morning the in the notion until the time comes.

We've been layin' pipes for the getaway for two weeks. One day she says she outcome. And, lo! as he stepped out of will; the same evenin' she says nixy. the store who but Chunk McGowan We've agreed on to-night, and Rosy's sprang from a passing street car and

"Pulled it off." said Chunk with scratch."

"You said you wanted drugs," refire-escape on time to a second, and we marked Ikey.

Mr. McGowan looked ill at ease and at 9.301-4. She's up at the flat—she harassed. He made a patent medicine cooked the eggs this mornin' in a blue almanae into a roll and fitted it with kimono—Lord! how lucky I am! You unprofitable carefulness about his fin-"I wouldn't have this double hand!- bridge, and that's where I'm heading

> "The-the-powder?" stammered Ikey. "Oh, that stuff you gave me!" said Chunk, broadening his grin; "well, it was this way. I sat down at the supper table last night at Riddle's, and I looked at Rosy, and I says to myself, 'Chunk, if you get the girl get her on the square—don't try any hocus-pocus with a thoroughbred like her.' And I keeps the paper you give me in my pocket. And then my lamps fall on another party present, who, I says to myself, is fallin in a proper affection toward his comin son-in-law, so I watches my chance and dumps that powder in old man Riddle's coffee—see?"



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